

	SUB inglés	
--	---------------	--

Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,		
There's a stranger in my soul,		
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city,		
I can't come in (1) the cold,		
I'm deep in action on a (2) mission,		
Contact's broken down,		
Time drags by, I'm above suspicion,		
There's a voice on the telephone		
Yeah, yeah,		
Yeah, yeah,		
Well it sure is (3) in this clockwork city,		
Contact's never gonna show,		
I've got a code (4) can't be broken,		
My eyes never seem to close,		
Well, I'm standing here in the silent city,		
Shadows falling down,		
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,		
The night's gonna burn on slow.		
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it funny (5) I feel like Philby,
A stranger on a foreign shore,
I've got my plans and I must move quickly,
There's a knock (6) the door,
Still in transit and I'm close to danger,
My cover can't be blown,
It's getting strange and it's getting crazy,
Tell me, (7) is going on?
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Four o'clock and nothing's moving,
Six o'clock and the daylight's stirring,
A Morning comes, must be moving on.
All night long my mind's been burning,
Makes me feel such a long, long way (8) home
Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,
There's a (9) in my soul
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city
I can't come in from the (10)



- 1. from
- 2. secret
- 3. dark
- 4. which
- 5. that
- 6. upon
- 7. what
- 8. from
- 9. stranger
- 10. cold

Fill in the gaps